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ness, from loss of blood, anxiety, masturbation, intoxication, etc.; 5. Diseases of the nervous system. The only true cause of hysteria is heredity, and the above are only provoking agents. All the neuroses due to these causes are hysteria only, which is not complicated in such cases with neurasthenia, as is often held in Germany. The disease may follow the exciting cause at once or after years. Its genesis may be either auto-suggestion or mal-nutrition. Charcot's mechanical jar and Westphal's toxic encephalopathia saturnina are not admitted.

Les Névroses et le Pessimisme, par le DR. A. DESCHAMPS. Paris, 1888. pp. 37.

“La Névrôse” is now almost a religion, of which Schopenhauer is the father, Charcot the high priest, and a well known French female tragedian [S. B.] the living ideal. Neurotics are those suffering from moral malaise. For some every sensation, even those called pleasant, is a cause of pain, and every movement fatigues. Their state is a sad *suppliūm neuricum*, the fluctuating humors of which fill the neuropathic autobiographies with their morose, irritable, bizarre and sometimes, alas, contagious states, feelings and sensations even in gay Paris. Neurosis democratizes, but far more truly does democracy neuroticize. Liberty and equality modify profoundly conditions and habits. Desires and ambitions are enormously expanded, and the type of Obermann, Werther, Manfred and René, has been followed by the type of Schopenhauer, Tourgeniew, Tolstoi, Darwin, Mill, Spencer, and that by a still more serious type that kills, and now calls loudly for the doctor. Men are declassed, pleasures too easy—in a word, sensibilities are too distracted and will too enfeebled, and pessimism and nihilism are but the grand neuroses of our period. Children are too tenderly reared. The father, instead of being an object of silent respect, is the playmate, if not a slave of his child. Religion, politics, society, marriage, everything is an open question. Everything is criticized and, worst of all, analysed. General ideas are cheapened by cheap philosophical teachers who tend if they do not try to make their pupils Amieis and Bashkirsteffs, and who deserve the woe Goethe pronounced upon “every sort of culture which destroys the most effective means of all true culture.” This wretched neurosis of irresolution makes *aboulia* the dominant note of this castrated age, best described, not in text-books on vesania but in the masterly pages of P. Bourget, himself severely afflicted with the distemper. It is seen in the poetry of Baudelaire, that dandy of spleen, paradox and subtlety, who passed his life in the hunt for new sensations; in Lecomte de Lisle, whose vaunted desolation would be a trifle magnificent, were he not a pure dilettante; in Verlaine and Mallarme, the Siamese-twins of decadence; in Maurice Rollinot, Albert Wolff and E. Haraucourt; in Goncourt, whose heroes are all without will and force, and martyred by their impressionability; in Flaubert, who cries out that he would he were matter. Vague thoughts, aimless longings, despairs without cause, reveries that become passions, educations that stultify, instead of develop instincts and heredity; these are the marks in modern music, painting and life. A great crisis is upon this age, and is to be met somewhat as Caro has suggested as follows: The illusion of liberty must be eradicated at every point; an absolute must be insisted upon in state, church, society, science, which no supersubtle analytic mind must be allowed to touch. The ideals and faith in something transcendent, abiding and too mysterious for definition, must be cultivated, and a new education must arise, which will not teach more method than matter, and which will not culminate by teaching a philosophy which makes young men anxious about either the moral or the logical character of the universe, or the reality of their own ego or of the external world.